Pal. Lets to the king, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour, which
His Enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not ſpent,
Rather laide out for purchaſe: but alas
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th ſtroke doe damage?
Arci. Let th'event,
That never erring Arbitratour, tell us
When we know all our ſelves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 3. *Enter Pirithous, Hipolita, Emilia.*

Pir. No further.
Hip. Sir farewell; repeat my wiſhes
To our great Lord, of whoſe ſucces I dare not
Make any timerous queſtion, yet I wiſh him
Exces, and overflow of power, and't might be
To dure ill-dealing fortune; ſpeede to him,
Store never hurtes good Gouernours.
Pir. Though I know
His Ocean needes not my poore drops, yet they
Muſt yeild their tribute there: My precious Maide,
Thoſe beſt affections, that the heavens infuſe
In their beſt temperd peices, keepe enthroand
In your deare heart.
Emil. Thanckes Sir; Remember me
To our all royall Brother, for whoſe ſpeede
The great Bellona ile ſolicite; and
Since in our terrene State petitions are not
Without giftes underſtood: Ile offer to her
What I ſhall be adviſed ſhe likes; our hearts
Are in his Army in his Tent.
Hip. In's boſome:
We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe
When our Friends don their helmes, or put to ſea,
Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or women

That

The Two Noble Kin

That have ſod their Infants in (an
The brine, they wept at killing 'e
You ſtay to ſee of us ſuch Spincſte
Should hold you here for e ver.
Pir. Peace be to you
As I purſue this war, which ſhall b
Beyond further requiring.
Emil. How his longing
Followes his Friend; ſince his dep
Though craving ſeriouſnes, and sk
His careles execution, where nor
Made him regard, or loſſe conſide
Playing ore buſines in his hand, a
Directing in his head, his minde, n
To theſe ſo diffring Twyns; have y
Since our great Lord departed?
Hip. With much labour:
And I did love him fort, they two
In many as dangerous, as poore a
Perill and want contending, they
Torrents whoſe roring tyranny a
I'th leaſt of theſe was dreadfull, an
Fought out together, where Death
Yet fate hath brought them off: T
Tide, weau'd, intangled, with ſo t
And with a finger of ſo deepe a cu
May be outworne, never undone.
Theſeus cannot be umpire to himſ
Cleaving his conſcience into twain
Each ſide like Iuſtice, which he lo
Emil. Doubtleſſe
There is a beſt, and reaſon has no
To ſay it is not you: I was acquain
Once with a time, when I enjoyd
You were at wars, when ſhe the g
Who made too proud the Bed, to
(which then lookt pale at parting
Was each a eleven.

C